


The Focus

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Farmville, Virginia



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THE FOCUS

VOL. IV

FARMVILLE, VA., MAY, 1914

NO. 4

May

Cornelia Hamilton

THOU month of lovely sunshine,
With the softest breezes blowing
Everywhere,
When the soft melodious note
From the singing wild bird's throat
Fills the air.

All the flowers now are blooming,
With a hundred different hues,
Earth is gay;
Bees are humming in the air,
Gathering honey from the fair,
All the day.

And at eve the sun goes down.
And the little stars come out
With their light,
And the dew falls on the flowers,
Sweetly sleeping in their bowers,
All the night.

Snowdrop

The following is an original dramatization of the well-known fairy-tale, "Snowdrop," by the Cunningham Literary Society:

ACT I

Scene I. Room in the palace. Nurse seated in large chair; Snowdrop on footstool at her feet.

Snowdrop—Oh, tell me the story again, Nina, about my mother and—

Nurse—You, my baby. Many years ago your mother, the beautiful queen, reigned over this palace, and all of us were happy—except the queen herself. Your father, the king, was often very, very busy, so to while the time away she would sit and sew, making many beautiful things with her needle. One day, as she sat sewing, framed in the ebony of her window, gazing out upon the snow-clad earth, she chanced to prick her finger and three drops of blood fell upon the snow outside. Seeing the striking beauty of the red against the white and the ebony of her window, she wished aloud—

Snowdrop (clapping hands)—Oh, I know! "Oh, what wouldn't I give to have a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and black as ebony!" Go on, Nina.

Nurse—Yes, and soon her wish was granted. A little daughter was born to her, with hair as black as ebony, with lips as red as blood and skin as white as snow.

Snowdrop—And I am that child! with hair as black as ebony, and skin as white as snow, and lips and cheeks as red as blood! Go on, Nina.

Nurse—And soon after your mother died, the King married again, and— (*The Queen enters from right; walks proudly to center of stage; pauses before the magic mirror. Snowdrop is very frightened and clings to Nina.*)

Queen—Mirror, mirror, hanging there,
Who in all the land's most fair?

Mirror—You are fair, my lady queen,
But Snowdrop's fairer far, I ween.

Queen (turning angrily to Snowdrop)—You are fairer than I? (*Turns back toward mirror.*) Why, what is the matter? Always before you have spoken the truth—"You are most fair, my lady Queen, none fairer in the land, I ween." Snowdrop, come to me! (*Looks at Snowdrop.*) And you are more beautiful.

Snowdrop—Am I more beautiful than you?

Queen—Yes, 'tis true and I—I will not have it! There shall be in all the world none more beautiful than I. Nina, take her away, out of my sight.

Nina (leading Snowdrop away)—Envy and jealousy are like evil weeds that spring up and choke the heart. (*Exeunt.*)

Queen—Without her no one can say that I am not the fairest, even the Queen of Beauty of all the world. She shall die! I *will* be unsurpassed! (*Rings bell. Enter servant.*)

Queen—Send to me the Huntsman I saw at the palace gates but a moment ago. (*Exit servant. Enter Huntsman.*)

Queen—I have a difficult mission for a faithful servant to perform. Can I depend upon you?

Huntsman (kneeling)—I swear by all the stars—

Queen—I have an enemy, whose existence threatens my peace. This enemy must be removed secretly and speedily.

Huntsman—Any enemy to the Queen is an enemy to the Queen's subjects. You may depend upon me for loyalty and discretion.

Queen—This enemy is Snowdrop. Take her at once into the forest and there kill her and bring me her lungs and liver that I may know that she is dead.

Huntsman—I beg your majesty, reconsider—

Queen—Huntsman, you have heard my command—

Huntsman—But, your Majesty, I cannot kill the beautiful Snowdrop. I *dare* not!

Queen—Dare you disobey me? You have heard my orders; on your life you shall not refuse. Ah! you too have said that she is beautiful, and again I say that you

shall kill her. Go! (*Points to door. Huntsman bows and goes.*)

Queen (turning to mirror)—Ah! soon your story will be as before, "There is none fairer in all the land, I ween."

(*Curtain.*)

Scene II. A forest. Enter Snowdrop and Huntsman.

Snowdrop—May I sit down here just a minute on this big rock? (*Huntsman nods.*) I'm very tired. Oh, but you must be tired too, for we've walked a long, long way. Look, I'll make a nice seat for you here with my cloak and you can sit by me and we shall talk. Will you?

Huntsman—No, we must hurry on.

Snowdrop—And must you not tell me where we are going, or why? I fear it cannot be a happy errand, for you look so sad.

Huntsman—Indeed, I am not merry.

Snowdrop—Oh, then I shall tell you a story, the most beautiful story I know.

Huntsman—No, no. Come let us—

Snowdrop—But it is about a Queen, and she was beautiful and good. I guess all good things are beautiful, though, don't you?

Huntsman—Yes, perhaps, but—

Snowdrop—But she wasn't happy. You see she wanted a child with hair as black as ebony, and—

Huntsman—Yes, I know, I know it all. She wanted you. Oh, beautiful Princess, and now you are here and the good Queen is dead. Ah! kind fates, protect this child and help me to be a man. (*Forgets Snowdrop for a moment.*)

Snowdrop—Is something hurting you inside that you look like that? Oh, I know what I'll do. I'll dip my handkerchief in this stream and bathe your head. (*Goes over and dips handkerchief in stream.*)

Huntsman—But it must be. The Queen, curse her, has said it, and I—

Snowdrop (returns to him. Places hand on his arm.)—Oh, what makes you do like that? Something is wrong. Tell me, oh, tell me what it is all about.

Huntsman—Yes, I will tell you. Snowdrop, I am not a man, I am a machine in the hands of a wicked woman. Listen! this is the Queen's command: That I kill you and bring to her your lungs and liver as proof that you are dead. (*Turning.*) But I—

Snowdrop (*falling on her knees and sobbing*)—Oh! dear Huntsman, spare my life! I will promise to fly forth into the woods and never come home again. Spare my life, dear, dear Huntsman. (*Sobs softly.*)

Huntsman (*suddenly turning to her*)—Yes, I will do it! I will kill a wild boar and take to the Queen his lungs and liver, and we both shall live.

Snowdrop—And I may live? Dear Huntsman, you are a man.

Huntsman—Hush! we're all beasts. And I—why I must leave you here in this wild wood alone. Ah that I could— But good-bye! (*Starts to go, but turns back, saying pityingly*)—Poor little girl! (*then leaves her.*)

Snowdrop (*frightened*)—Oh! oh! I am so afraid! (*Runs hastily off stage.*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II

Scene I. House of dwarfs. Table in center of room; seven little plates, knives, forks, spoons, tumblers and seven candles on table. Footstool at left; couch at back; seven small chairs around table. Seven small caps hanging in a row on the wall. (Enter Snowdrop in hood and cape.)

Snowdrop—Oh, this dear, dear little house! Whose is it? Oh, I am so glad that I found it for I am so, so hungry and thirsty. (*Sees table with supper ready.*) Oh, I am so hungry! I wonder if they'd care if I'd take just a little bit. (*Goes to table, looking anxiously back over shoulder towards door. Sees seven chairs and points to them, counting; counts seven chairs at table and seven caps on wall. Tastes a little from each plate and glass; then sits down and looks toward door.*) Well, I suppose I'll have to wait and

tell these seven little people, whoever they may be, that I've eaten their supper. I do hope they'll come soon, for I'm so, so sleepy. (*Leans head on arm and yawns.*) Oh! I wonder if these little people ever go to sleep. If they do they must have some place to rest, and surely they wouldn't mind if I would rest just a little while. (*Gets up and looks around room.*) I wish I were not so sleepy, but I am. (*Sees couch.*) Oh, the very thing, and I can see them when they come home. (*Goes to couch, sits down and then falls asleep. Candles burn low.*)

(*Enter dwarfs. Leader carries lantern. Others carry shovel, axe and other implements. Leader enters first and turns around, and bows to the rest.*)

Leader—Oh, my brothers!

Dwarfs (*As each comes in he bows to the others in turn*)—Oh, my brothers!

Leader (*goes to table and sees supper eaten*)—Who's been sitting on my little chair?

Second Dwarf—Who's been eating my little loaf?

Third Dwarf—Who's been tasting my little porridge?

Fourth Dwarf—Who's been eating out of my little plate?

Fifth Dwarf—Who's been using my little fork?

Sixth Dwarf—Who's been cutting with my little knife?

Seventh Dwarf—Who's been drinking out of my little tumbler?

Leader—Whoever it is we'll find him out. It might be an enemy!

Dwarfs (*Each bows in turn to next one*)—Oh, my brothers! (*All look around and see Snowdrop.*)

Leader—Goodness, gracious! what a beautiful child! (*Dwarfs stand looking at her, then leader puts finger on lips.*)

Leader—Sh-h-h! (*Each does same in turn and they tiptoe away. Leader, anxious not to wake Snowdrop in tiptoeing away, stumps toe on footstool. Grabs sore foot in his hand and jumps around.*)

Leader—Oh, my brothers!

Dwarfs (*all rush to him, each saying in turn*)—Oh, my brothers. (*Meanwhile Snowdrop awakes very frightened.*)

Snowdrop—Oh, where am I? Who are these little people? Oh, I remember, and I have eaten all their supper. Oh, what will they do to me?

Leader—Beautiful child, we will not harm you; will we, my brothers?

Dwarfs (in turn)—No, my brother.

Leader—We will take good care of you, but first tell us your name.

Snowdrop—My name is Snowdrop, if you please, but please don't think badly of me for eating your supper. I was so very hungry.

Leader—Oh, we won't, will we, my brothers?

Dwarfs (in turn)—No, my brother.

Leader—But why did you come to our house?

Snowdrop—I will tell you all. My step-mother is very beautiful, but proud and jealous. She hates me because her magic mirror says I'm fairer than she. She made a huntsman promise to bring me out into the wood and kill me so that she might never see me again. He brought me out into the woods, but I begged him so hard to let me live. I promised that I would fly forth into the forest and never return home if he would only let me live, so he did it. When he left me I was so frightened I didn't know what to do. All the trees and stones looked so strange. I ran, and ran, without knowing where I was going. After a long time I came to your little house. I was so tired, I just came in to rest awhile.

Leader (sympathetically)—Poor child, you needn't be frightened any longer; if you will only stay with us. Will you stay and keep house for us—cook and make the beds, do the washing, sew and knit? If you give satisfaction and keep everything neat and clean you shall want for nothing.

Snowdrop—Oh, you are so kind. Yes, I will gladly do all you ask.

Dwarfs (all join hands and dance around Snowdrop, singing)—We are the seven little men who live in the hills.

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III

Scene I. In the house of the dwarfs. Dwarfs and Snowdrop around breakfast table talking.

Leader—And he thinks he'll find our gold mine.

Snowdrop (interested)—Who? Who is looking for your gold mine, little dwarfs?

Leader—A prince has come into our country looking for a gold mine, but he'll not find ours; will he, brothers?

Dwarfs (in turn)—No, my brother.

Snowdrop—A prince! Oh, a prince! Is he a handsome young prince?

Leader—Yes—very handsome he is, isn't he, brothers? (*Dwarfs nod.*) And I have heard that he would like a bride to take back to his country. 'Tis said the King is old and will turn over the kingdom to the Prince provided he gets a bride. He'd like to have our Snowdrop, wouldn't he, brothers?

Snowdrop—Why, he has never heard of me. Why would he like to have me?

Leader—Oh, yes he has. He has heard of the maid who dwells with the seven little men of the hills. (*Dwarfs rise from table.*)

Leader—You wouldn't leave us would you, Snowdrop?

Snowdrop—No, of course not. I will never leave you, little men, while you need me.

Dwarfs (dance and sing)—She'll never leave us, tra-la-la. She'll never leave us, tra-la-la. (*They dance toward door. Leader comes back.*)

Leader—Be sure, Snowdrop, not to let anyone in while we are gone. Shall I tell her, brothers?

Dwarfs (together)—Yes, my brother.

Leader—The Queen has discovered that you are alive.

Snowdrop (much alarmed)—The Queen! Oh, don't leave me today. I'm afraid of her. She may find me.

Leader—She will never find you here, but it is best to lock the door and let no one in. (*They go. Snowdrop clears off table. Sings to herself. Presently some one knocks.*)

Snowdrop—Who is there?

Voice from outside—Apples, beautiful apples for sale. Come to the door and try one.

Snowdrop—Oh, but I can't let anyone in.

Voice—What cruel parents you must have to make you stay alone and not let anyone in. Poor child, I am sorry for you.

Snowdrop—Oh, no, you are mistaken. My father is kind and good, but my step-mother is wicked and tried to kill me. But the Huntsman let me go and I live with seven little dwarfs. They did not tell me not to let anyone in because they were cruel, but because they were afraid my stepmother, the wicked Queen, would find me.

Voice—Surely, then, if they are good to you, they would not care if you opened the door to talk to a poor old woman who makes her living selling apples.

Snowdrop—No, perhaps they wouldn't care, but I told them I wouldn't open the door.

Voice—Oh well, then, I will stay out here in the cold. My bones ache. Do you think they would care if I sat down on the doorstep and rested my weary bones?

Snowdrop—No, sit down, poor old woman. (*Aside*)—Poor woman, I am so sorry for her. I don't believe they would care if I let her come in to the fire. She must be so cold. Poor woman, I know they wouldn't care. (*To old woman*)—Yes, I will let you in—you must be so cold.

(*Queen enters, dressed as a peddler, carrying tray of apples. She drops wearily into chair. Snowdrop busies herself helping her to be comfortable.*)

Snowdrop—Oh, what lovely apples! (*Aside*)—Poor old lady, I'll help her by buying some from her. But Oh, I haven't any money. (*Takes bracelet from her arm and offers it.*)—Take this. Maybe you can get something for it. Are you warm now? Oh, I am so sorry for you—of course the dwarfs won't care because I let you in.

Queen—You are so kind to a poor old woman. Here, take one of these apples. It isn't much, but—

Snowdrop—Oh no, I couldn't.

Queen—Oh, it is a very little thing. Take it, my dear. It will do my poor old heart good to see you eat it. (*Snowdrop hesitates, then takes it.*)

Queen (rises wearily)—Well, I must go on my way. You see, my dear, it hasn't harmed you to be kind to a poor old woman. (*Queen goes out; passes to window and looks in with wicked face while Snowdrop takes up apple.*)

Snowdrop—It never harms one to be kind. (*Eats apple and falls dead. Queen enters; picks up apple that Snowdrop dropped.*)

Queen (straightening up and throwing off shawl)—Now, who is most fair in all the land! But I must away before the dwarfs return. I will be unsurpassed! (*Goes out.*)

(*Dwarfs enter and see Snowdrop.*)

Leader—Snowdrop! Snowdrop! No lights, no supper! Oh, she has fallen asleep. Let us make her more comfortable. Bring a light. (*They lift her on couch and one brings a candle.*) Oh, how still she is! Snowdrop! Snowdrop! (*Dwarfs all come around couch and look at her, then at each other.*)

Leader—Our Snowdrop—dead! (*Dwarfs all bow heads.*)

(*Curtain.*)

ACT IV

Scene I. In palace of the Prince; day of wedding feast.

Scene opens with servant talking to Dwarfs.

Servant—But I tell you, you cannot see the Princess.

Leader of Dwarfs—The Princess would see us, I am sure, if you would only tell her.

Servant—Ha, ha, ha! You have a good opinion of yourself, my friend, but run along now. The Princess can't be bothered—this is the night of her wedding feast.

Leader—Surely then she would want us to be present, if she is the one we have heard she is.

Servant—But, my little man, why on earth would my Princess want a poor little person like you around when her grand friends are here?

Leader—Is your Princess' name Snowdrop?

Servant—Yes—Snowdrop. But where, pray, did you hear her name?

Leader (turning to others and clapping hands)—Oh, my brothers, 'tis she, 'tis she!

Servant (puzzled)—And who are you, pray?

Leader—Why, we are the seven little men who live in the hills and dig in the mines for gold.

Servant (surprised)—Are you the seven little men the Princess lived with?

Leader—Yes, yes. Oh, my brothers, she has come to life! Our dear Snowdrop is not dead after all. (*All join hands and dance around in glee.*)

Servant—Well, well, well, tell me the whole story—how was it that the Princess was poisoned and how did my Prince find her?

Leader—Oh, you see, Snowdrop had lived with us a long time and we loved her very dearly, because she was so beautiful and kind. One day when we came home from the mines we found her lying dead on the floor. We searched everywhere for some signs of poisoning but could find none. We tried to bring her back to life but we could not. She was dead and remained dead. We did not want to bury her for she lay as natural as ever—just as if she were asleep.

Servant—Yes? yes?

Leader—So we placed her in a casket of transparent glass, and put it on the mountain top, and one of us kept watch day and night, didn't we, brothers?

Dwarfs (together)—Yes, yes, indeed, my brother.

Leader—But she never moved, and lay just as if she were asleep, as beautiful and lovely as ever. One day a prince—

Servant—My master!

Leader—Yes, a prince came by and, seeing our Snowdrop, he immediately fell in love with her, and wanted to buy the casket, and we told him we wouldn't sell it for all the gold in the world.

Servant—But I thought—

Leader—And then your Prince looked so sad and said, "Then give it to me, for I cannot live without Snowdrop," and we consented to let him have the casket. But we didn't know she was alive—we thought she was really dead.

Servant—Yes, I see.

Leader—But you must tell us how he brought her to life.

Servant—Well, when the Prince's men were carrying the casket down the hill they stumbled over a stone and jolted it so violently that the piece of poisonous apple fell out of her mouth and she sat up alive and well.

Dwarfs (in unison)—Oh, my brothers, why didn't we stand her on her head? (*Enter Snowdrop on Prince's arm. She sees the little dwarfs and speaks with delight.*)

Snowdrop—Oh, you dear little men, I am so glad to see you!

Leader—Our Snowdrop—alive and well!

Snowdrop—How did you find me? Now my wedding feast will be perfect. I have been longing to see you. My husband, come and bless these little men for being so kind to me.

Prince—For you kind deeds, little men, you shall never want for anything. You shall come and live in a beautiful little house near your Princess Snowdrop, and you may come to see her every day and watch over her that no harm may befall her. I give you this trust because you are kind and faithful and love your Princess dearly (*Music is heard. Prince and Princess go to middle of stage and receive guests as they arrive, bowing and smiling. Guests gather in groups and talk together. Curtain parts and the wicked Queen appears. As she sees Snowdrop a look of hatred passes over her face. Snowdrop clutches Prince's arm.*)

Snowdrop—Oh, my Prince! there she is—the wicked Queen who tried to take my life! (*Queen starts back, but is stopped.*)

Prince (to servant)—Take her out, and make her dance in red-hot shoes until she falls down dead—dead, I say!

(*Servants take the wicked Queen out. Prince and Princess cross to center of stage. Dwarfs join hands and dance around them.*)

Dwarfs (singing)—Oh, we are the seven little men who live in the hills and we are so very happy!

(*Curtain.*)

A Flower's Gift

Mabel Spratley

ONE DAY in summer when over all the glade
The weight of summer brooded far and wide,
I strolled into a valley filled with shade,
And paused to rest me by a fountain's side.

A tiny floweret grew beside the stream,
A wee, small flower; its fragrance filled the air.
It held aloft its face to every gleam
Of sunlight shimmering through the branches fair.

"Oh, little blossom, dancing through thy days,
Thy little life hath not been spent in vain.
Thy fragrance stealing through the summer's haze
Hath made the joy of springtime come again."

The Elevation of the "Movies"

Madeline Warburton

WHEN THE MOVING PICTURE SHOWS were first begun they were not of the higher class of the present day "Movies," and some shows still keep to the low standard. They show only the common love scenes, the western cowboy scenes, etc., all of which have approximately the same plot and setting. There is no depth of meaning to them. They are produced only for the money they bring in, and the manufacturers are entirely unmindful of the effect they may have on the minds and lives of the people who see them. In other words they are "machine-made" pictures, rather than the product of careful study and thought. The only aim of the manufacturer seems to be to put out something that is exciting, and will attract the masses of people and bring in money to him. These are the pictures that have the bad influences on young minds and lives. Because of them some people condemn all moving picture shows.

The greatest danger of the moving pictures is that they are often over-exciting and emotional and give young people wrong ideas and conceptions of life. This danger is being overcome to some extent, however. It is found by investigation, and decided by experts what kinds of pictures are harmful, and those pictures are censured and not allowed to be shown. The manufacturers are even required to destroy them. Indecent and over-exciting poster advertising is likewise not allowed. Efforts are not only being made to get rid of bad moral influence, but people are also investigating the physical defects of the moving picture shows and are trying to better them. The buildings are made more comfortable, more sanitary, and safer in every way. The lighting system in them is being improved, and the bad effects of the pictures on the eyes is being lessened to a great extent by more careful

operation of the machine and by better reflecting surface for the pictures. This does away with the streaky and flickering appearance of the pictures.

Because of the many efforts made to better the moving pictures, we have the satisfaction of seeing the day of the common moving picture show passing away and a day of good, wholesome, uplifting, educational, and religious pictures taking its place. Moving picture production is now beginning to be considered a fine art and many men and women are giving the best that is in them to promote it, not for their own good, but for the welfare of the world. If we wish some diversion and wish to spend an evening at the "movies," we no longer have to sit and watch the common love scenes, wildwest scenes, etc., which we know only too well, but we are enabled to enter a world of enlightenment and refinement where we may see the world's best plays presented by the world's best actors.

The people have grown tired of the common everyday plays and demand something better—something more original, something with greater depth of meaning, and something worth while. Manufacturers realize this, and realize that in order to get the best returns from their films they must produce the very best plays. For this reason they spare neither time, labor, nor money in making films that are worth while. Historical and educational plays are desired, and the moving picture show companies travel hundreds and sometimes thousands of miles and spend thousands of dollars to get the proper settings. At present a film company is getting out a film of the "Passion Play," which is estimated to cost them \$100,000. Another company has recently put out a film which cost them \$50,000.

The world's best plays are being put on the screen. For a nickel or a dime we may see almost any of Shakespeare's plays, "Ivanhoe," "Vanity Fair," "David Copperfield," "Tale of Two Cities," Dante's "Inferno," and other classical plays and books too numerous to mention—plays with settings which would be utterly impossible on any stage. The great plays are not produced by amateurs

but by the world's best actors, who receive special training and practice in photo-play acting. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has only recently played the role of Queen Elizabeth for the films. James O'Neil, Mrs. Fiske, and Ethel Barrymore are among other prominent actors who are giving their time and talent to the moving pictures. Children of actors and of great actresses who are instinctively actors by inheritance are being brought up in the moving picture studios and trained in the art of acting for the cinematograph.

The moving pictures are truly called *the* wonder of the twentieth century. They open up new worlds to us and enable us to see many things which heretofore have been hidden from us. They bring to our eyes things which the majority of us could only imagine before or see through the mind's eye from descriptions by others. Through the workings of the microscope along with the cinematograph we are enabled to see the organic actions and growth of the most minute plants and animals. By the use of the X-ray together with the cinematograph we may even see the organic actions of the human body—the working of the heart, or of the digestive organs. On the screen we may now see a seed germinate and sprout; the plant grow up, bear its fruit, die and decay. We may see and become acquainted with various plants, and the life and habits of wild animals in their natural homes—whether they be in the heart of the jungles of Africa or among the ice floes and snow-covered deserts of the arctic regions. From Captain Scott's expedition to the South Polar regions a cinematograph brought back to us a true representation of the sea covered with ice floes as the ship plowed its way through; the appearance of the icebergs and snow-covered shore when the ship landed; penguin and other polar animals in their homes; a real penguin chase; and various other scenes which teach us more of the true appearance of the polar regions than any geography could possibly do.

Because of their great possibilities, moving pictures are becoming a great factor in education and religion. All up-to-date public schools in large cities have their own

moving-picture machine. They are of inestimable value in teaching history and geography. Battles, ancient customs, modes of living, and the physical condition of different countries are made much more vivid and vital to the child when he can see them. Edison says that he is going to make it possible to do away almost entirely with text-books in the schools and to teach various subjects by the use of the moving pictures instead. Sunday schools find the moving pictures of unusual value to them. Those which can afford it have their own machines. Bible history is made clearer and much more interesting to the children and the important things make a deep impression on their minds when they can see them. All children naturally love moving pictures and they delight to go to Sunday school when they know they are going to see them. It is no trouble to get the child to go to either day school or Sunday school when there are "movies" there.

It has been said that the moving pictures have done for the drama what printing did for literature. They have brought that form of art into the daily lives of the masses and have truly opened up a new world for the common people. All persons, rich and poor, are now enabled to see the great dramas, whereas formerly only the rich could enjoy that privilege. The poorer people were debarred from all plays except the very cheapest and poorest because of lack of means. But now all are put on the same plane in the moving pictures; all may see the same play and yet no one person pays more than another nor enjoys more privileges than another.

As stated at the beginning, there are still many common pictures shown. Some people attend them and seem entirely unmindful of the fact that they can have better ones if they only demand them. They seem to think that the good pictures are intended only for some other place and that it is impossible to get them in their shows. This is a wrong idea; however; for here, as elsewhere, public opinion holds full sway, and, if the people would only come out and say by word and act that they want better pictures, they would get them. When we attend the common pictures, the manager takes it for granted that com-

mon pictures are what we want and continues to give them. Whereas, if we refused to go and were to let the manager know that we desired better and classic pictures, he would soon give us the better ones. He would soon find out that more people came than formerly, and that giving better pictures paid him better, and he would keep it up.

There are many good pictures made and there are many bad ones made, and it is the people's to choose which they will have. As public opinion demanded some good pictures and got some, so public opinion can demand all to be good and get all.

A Friday Night in the Reading Room

Olivia Compton

Characters: Mary, Sallie, Susie, Virginia, School girls,
Librarian.

(Mary, Sallie and Susie reading. Enter Virginia. All of the girls stop reading.)

Virginia—Hi, Mary. Hello, Sallie. What you doing Susie? (*Sits on table by Mary.*) That Ladies' Home Journal is almost gone. I suppose it will soon be taken out as a punishment to us for tearing it. As if six hundred girls could read a magazine without tearing it some. You've read too much, Mary. Cut it out. It will ruin your complexion. (*Closes Mary's magazine.*)

Mary—I was reading such a splendid story and I want to finish it tonight.

Sallie—I wouldn't stand for it, Mary. You all fight it out. We need some excitement anyway.

Mary—I will, if Virginia will. Come on and let us see what we can do. (*Attempts to push Virginia from the table. A lively scuffle ensues. Virginia finally overcomes, takes Mary around the waist and throws her around. All sit down as if to read.*)

Virginia (*jumping up*)—I want some more exercise. Come on, Mary, let's try it again.

Mary—I'm game. I need exercise, too. I studied too hard last night trying to finish Pilgrim's Progress, and then it was not even taken up in class. I haven't had time to go out of the house today. Come on.—(*Another scuffle follows, in which Virginia is again successful.*)

Virginia—You are pretty strong, though. I had almost my match.

Mary—Gallant Virginia, to tell your foeman that she is worthy of your steel.

Virginia—Have you had enough of it?

Mary—Yes, for this time. We will continue it in the next issue. (*Exit Virginia.*) That Virginia is a case in

this world. Oh! how my heart is beating; I'm afraid I'll have to go to the infirmary.

Susie—You are right about Virginia—she is a case and as independent as a pig on ice.

Sallie—She's the cutest girl in school. Everybody likes her.

Mary—How could they help it? With all of her independence, she has a lovable disposition. (*All return to their reading. Enter Virginia again.*)

Virginia—All quiet again? How are you feeling, Mary?

Mary—Fine. The exercise did me worlds of good. I've forgotten all I ever knew about Pilgrim's Progress.

(*Mary goes over and stands by the window. Virginia goes to the other side of the room. Mary tries to raise the window quietly and get a ball of snow off the window-sill; but Virginia hears her and turns.*)

Virginia—I can get snow, too, if that is in the game. (*Virginia runs out. Mary grabs the snowball and follows. After a few minutes Mary returns, takes her seat in front of the door, and resumes her reading of the Ladies' Home Journal. After a few moments, Virginia opens the door, pours a glass of water on Mary's face and head, and runs, with Mary following. The other two girls leave separately. Enter Librarian.*)

Librarian—I am glad we can have the reading room open on Friday nights. It gives the girls such a nice quiet place to read and rest after their hard week of studying. (*Closes blinds, turns off lights, and leaves.*)

(*Curtain.*)

A Midnight Feast at S. N. S.

Myrtle Harrison

ACT I

Scene I. Time 1 a. m., girls' room. An alarm clock sounds. The four girls lying across the bed are aroused.

Mary—Grace, was that the alarm?

Grace (sleepily)—I don't know. See what time it is.

Alice—Yes, it's one o'clock. Let's wake the others.

May—I'll call them, while you find the "eats."

Mary—Watch out for Mrs. Slater!

May (listening at door)—I don't hear her. Keep quiet, though! (Exit May.)

Alice—Grace, where are the sandwiches?

Grace—In the closet. The pickles are there too. Don't forget them.

Mary—Sh-h-h! You are making too much noise!

Grace—We are not making any. Here, Mary, you take the bananas. (Enter three kimonoed figures.)

Susan—Is everything ready?

Alice—Everything but the girls. Why don't they hurry up? (Enter three more.)

Grace—Sh-h! Be quiet. Is this all? Let me count. (Enter May.)

May—Virginia won't come. Says she's sick.

Alice—Sick, nothing! What's the matter with her?

May—Loss of nerve, I think. She says she knows Mrs. Slater will catch us.

Grace—She is afraid she won't get on the honor roll.

Alice—Pity about that, isn't it? I'm on too, up till now. But you bet I'm not going to let a little thing like that keep me from such fun as this. Nobody ever knows you are on the honor roll anyhow, so what difference does it make?

May—Where is Lelia? Here, take the candy!

Mary—Hush-h! Watch out for Mrs. Slater!

Alice—Oh, she's in the home office. Come on—sh-h-h!
(Exit all.)

Scene II. Porch roof in front of building. Silently girls steal in.

Grace—Sit in a circle, and we will put the things to eat in the middle.

Mary—I just know Mrs. Slater is going to catch us.

May—I wish you'd hush, wet-blanket! She won't!

Alice—Here are the bananas. Take one, everybody.

Susan—No, silly; that's dessert. Pass the sandwiches.

Anna—Geel this pickle is good. Hand me another one.

(Noise within.)

May—What's that?

Mary—It's Mrs. Slater! I'm gone!

Alice—Make for my room. Hurry! (*Headlong flight.*)

Scene III. Same room as Scene I. Girls rush in.

Grace—It wasn't Mrs. Slater at all. I'm going back.

Mary—Well, I shan't.

Alice—Oh, come on. We left everything, and somebody will take it.

Anna—You can go if you want to, but I'm not.

May—Well, I'll go after the things. Who'll go with me!

Grace—I will.

Alice—I will, too.

May—Sh-h! You all keep quiet. You know Mrs. Slater makes her round at two, and it's almost that now.

Scene IV. Porch roof. Girls steal silently across.

May—Keep quiet now. Grace, you watch the landing, while we get the things.

Scene V. Same room. Enter girls.

Alice—Here is everything. We were sillies for running anyway. We must have waked the girls in 70, and they made the noise we heard.

Susan—Come on, let's eat and go home. I'm scared to death.

Mary—So am I. I know Mrs. Slater is going to catch us.

Grace—Well, she won't kill us anyway, so shut up.

May—I never ate such sandwiches in my life. I wish we could have a feast every night.

Mary (*looking out of window*)—Girls, for goodness sake look! Mrs. Slater is standing on the landing, looking this way!

Alice—Let's go!

Susan—No, she'll catch us. Let's hide in here.

Grace—Wait. You four belong in here. Get in bed and pretend to be asleep. The rest get in the closet and keep quiet. (*Wild scramble. Quiet for a few minutes.*)

Grace—Oh, I'm smothering. Alice, look out and see if she is still there.

Alice—Yes, she's looking this way. Sh-h!

May—Oh, I'm nearly dead! I don't care if she does catch us, I'm coming out!

Anna—Hush, and get back. She's coming. (*Footsteps passing. Footsteps going back up hall. Silence.*)

May—She's gone! Let's run!

Alice—No. Wait a minute until she has time to get down stairs. (*Silence a minute.*)

May—Come on, now. Let's all go together. Hush—(*Door opens.*)

Mrs. Slater—Anybody in this room that doesn't belong here?

Susan—No'm, Mrs. Slater. We all belong in here.

Mrs. Slater—All! How many does that mean?

Susan (*pretending to be losing herself in sleep*)—Ma'm? Did you speak to me? Good-night (*sleepily*).

Mrs. Slater (*to herself*)—I guess it's all right. They seem sleepy enough. (*Aloud*)—Good-night. (*Goes out and closes door softly.*)

Girls—Now, isn't she the dearest thing! Let's hurry home. I don't want her to catch me. Haven't we had a peach of a time? Good-night, everybody. (*Exeunt.*)

The Compulsory Picnic

Annie Mae Tyus

Characters: Polly, Sally, Nan, Mary, Eva, Kate; Miss Patty Lawson, Matron; Mrs. Emerson, Assistant Matron; Miss Wyatt, Housekeeper.

The scene is laid at "Briar Patch Seminary."

Easter Monday was the day set a part for the picnic to be given by the Home Department at Sugar Grove, about five miles from the school. This was such a kindness on the part of the Home Department that it was considered, by them, discourteous for any girl in school to refuse to go.

At breakfast that morning all of the girls were asked to assemble in the Auditorium at 9 o'clock and march out to Sugar Grove. Nine o'clock came and the bell sounded, telling the girls that it was time to start for the picnic. Great crowds made their way through the halls to the Assembly Hall, but upstairs in "110" were Polly, Nan and Eva, who had planned not to go to the picnic but to stay at home and have some fun. They were at the window, peeping through closed blinds very suspiciously at the crowd of happy faces as they emerged from the house and wondering when Miss Patty and Mrs. Emerson would go and leave them free.

Sally (bursting into the room)—Oh! girls, I thought everybody was gone but me. I'm so glad you're here. Let's have a lot of fun today, girls. As I was coming down the hall I met Mary and she said everybody just had to go to the picnic. She said Miss Patty was going in every room in the building and driving the girls out and she is going to lock all the doors.

Polly—I never heard of such a thing. I'm not going, are you?

Girls (in a chorus)—No, we're not going.

Mary—Don't let's stay here until Miss Patty catches us. Suppose we go to Mary's room. *(They follow each other, tripping very lightly down the hall and looking around for*

An Unfinished Story

Juliette Mayo

Dramatis Personae: Elizabeth Gregory, Ruth Lewis, Blanche Carter, room mates and chums.

Time: 8:15 to 8:30 a. m.

Place: Boarding School.

Scene: A three-girl room. Elizabeth hurriedly sweeping the floor, Ruth standing mumbling at the window.

Ruth—"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray
They wa"—

Elizabeth—"Ruth, aren't you going to do a thing this morning that amounts to something? Here it is nearly twenty minutes after eight and what have we accomplished? Nothing, whatsoever. I've never had so much to do in my life, and I'm positively obliged to change my dress before I can go to chapel. I never treat you like this and I do think you might help me. So there!

Ruth—"They wa twa bonnie lasses." Well, Liz, I suppose I will put away my own things. Merely that and nothing more. It's not my week to clean up and besides I have to study for a test after I learn this ballad. "They bigget a bower on yon brun brae."

Elizabeth—"That won't do me any good. And I'd thank you to remember that my name is Elizabeth Cunningham Gregory, and stop calling me Liz! Here is the dress Blanche wore last night on the only empty chair in the room, and books and papers are on every square inch of the table. I never have had so much to do—oh, look at that bureau! I completely forgot it. Did any one ever have such unsympathetic room mates?

Ruth—"My most esteemed friend, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham Gregory, would it ease your troubled mind for me to straighten the bureau? I've mastered the ballad. Shall I say it for you?

Elizabeth—"Please don't, if you have any mercy for me. Don't say that ballad again. Any other assistance would be gratefully received.

Ruth—All right, honey. With three licks and a promise, I'll make this bureau look—Oh! (*snatching up a photograph*) isn't this the cutest man you ever saw? Such heavenly eyes! Who is it, Elizabeth? Your "bestest" beau? I think he is just too dear for anything. Why haven't I noticed his picture before? *Please* tell me who he is.

Elizabeth (*pleasantly*)—I'm so glad you think he is attractive. I quite agree with you. He is perfectly darling, and I adore him immensely. Let's sit down on the bed and I'll tell you all about him.

Ruth—I shall be charmed.

Elizabeth—It began last summer while Aunt and I were at Glendale, and—

Ruth—Well, well! How romantic!

Elizabeth—And we began to care for each other from the very first.

Ruth (*poetically*)—How sweet it must have been, the summer, the sea, the moon, and two hearts that beat as one.

Elizabeth—It is so sweet of you to understand, and I know you will sympathize when I tell you that Aunt never approved of—

Blanche (*rushing in*)—Has anyone seen my pen? I have to take a test the first period.

Elizabeth—No, indeed! Where was I, Ruth?

Blanche—You seem to be here, and I'd advise you to leave if you intend to go to chapel today. I got excused, so I could study for a test, but the bell finished ringing long ago.

Elizabeth—Ruth, please wait for me till I pitch these shoes behind the wardrobe. You might be finding my Latin. I'll have to straighten things up a little for I don't have a vacant period when I can finish cleaning up until after Mrs. Harris passes, and she's already left me one note on the room this week.

Ruth—Oh, what's a note after a romance like that. Here's your Latin. Come on. (*Exit both.*)

(*Curtain.*)

A Midnight Feast

Sallie Johnson

Scene I. A schoolgirl's room. Frances, Evelyn, Ruth and Margaret seated on beds and trunks. Looks of discontent on their faces.

Frances—I'm so tired of this monotonous old routine of school life. The same old things happen every day and five more weeks of it. Oh, dear!

Margaret—How can we stand it! But, I'm going to Blue Ridge and I leave one week before school closes anyway. It's a long time, though, and I do wish something would happen. Something exciting!

Ruth—Yes, I do too. If somebody would only get married or die or—

Evelyn—Oh, how exciting! Dr. Jarman might give us a holiday if someone would only do us the favor of dying or getting married.

Margaret—Oh! A mock wedding! How about it, girls?

Frances—Oh, pshaw! They're cute, but not much fun. How about a midnight feast?

Chorus—Good! Let's!

Evelyn—But, I haven't gotten a single note this term and I did want to get on the honor roll once. We'll surely get caught.

Margaret—What do we care—it will be a little excitement anyway. We'll give Mrs. Slater one chase like she'll remember. (*Laughter.*)

Frances—Now, whom shall we ask? Put "Crook" down first of all. It wouldn't be a feast without her.

Margaret—Oh, put down Virginia and Patty and Mary, and Carrie, and Bessie, and Alice, and Marion, and—

Ruth—Don't forget Louise. You know she's been on every midnight feast that has ever been at the Normal School since the year one, and she's a trump.

Frances—Margaret and I will ask the girls and collect the money and you two can do the rest. We won't be gone long. (*Exit Frances and Margaret.*)

Ruth (*calling after them*)—Be sure to caution them to be quiet about it. Tell them to meet here at twelve o'clock, tonight, promptly. We're going to the kindergarten. Au revoir.

Scene II. Margaret's room again. Darkness prevails. Whispers are heard constantly. Suddenly a noise is heard as if someone has fallen. Giggles.

Crook—Nothing more has happened than a fall in gravitation. I went to place my superfluous capacity on the window seat and it tipped over. But you'd better hush or soon Mrs. Harris will be dashing madly down the hall and gaze in upon us.

Ruth—We're all here, I think. Let's see if we can make a start. Here, two of you come with me and help carry these baskets. We'll go first and get the "eats" down and you all follow later. Be careful. (*Exit. Silence for a few moments. Then Frances pokes her head out of the door.*)

Frances—Everything is quiet. Come now and make good use of your time. Hurry!

(*Everyone starts down the hall. All goes well until they get to the corner. The rattling of keys is heard. They rush back to Margaret's room, and crawl in the closet, under beds and behind trunks. All is quiet for a few moments.*)

Frances—Let's start again. I believe Mrs. Slater is on to us, but we mustn't leave the other girls waiting for so long. Come on!

(*A fresh start is made. This time they get to the second floor; they see Mrs. Slater coming. Everyone scatters and runs back to various rooms, Mrs. Slater behind them.*)

*Scene III. Margaret's room. All are in bed—asleep(?)
A voice is heard.*

Voice—Are any of you the midnight raiders? (*No answer. Voice repeats.*)

Frances (sleepily)—No'm, we're in bed. (*Steps pass on down the hall.*)

Margaret—Where do you suppose Ruth and the girls are?

Frances—I bet they're still in the kindergarten waiting for us. We must go down and tell them to come on up.

Margaret—All right; I'm willing. I haven't had nearly enough excitement yet. Come on, all of you. (*They creep noiselessly down the hall and down the steps. When they reach the kindergarten the door is locked. They call.*)

Voices from within—Please, for goodness sake, hurry and get us out of here. We're scared pea green.

Evelyn—What shall we do? There's nothing that I can see but to tell Mrs. Slater and get her to let you out. Then she'll take our "eats" and all our time and money will have gone for nothing.

Margaret—Oh, we are in for it this time and, Miss Frances, the next time we want fun, I just dare you to even mention midnight feasts!

Training School Department

SPRING

Aldona McCalmont

April clouds bring sudden showers,
Bestowing life to budding flowers:
Birds in the treetops merrily sing—
All nature awakes at the voice of Spring.

SPRING

Clara Ferguson

March with wind so wild and strong
Wakes the flowers that have slept so long,
Among green boughs birds sweetly sing,
To tell the awakening of the spring.

THE SPRING MONTHS

Emily Leigh Clark

MARCH

March, with wind so wild and strong,
Wakes the flowers with its song.

APRIL

April's rains will bring the flowers
And make bare branches leafy bowers.

MAY

Next we greet the month of May,
Flowers bloom and children play.

JUNE

School is out the first of June;
With care-free song the world's in tune.

APRIL

Laura Anderson

April has come bringing her showers;
At April's wish spring forth the flowers.

APRIL

Mary Lewis

April is the month of showers,
It brings the buds to leafless bowers.

##	Sketches	##
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HOME

"Pulaski!" shouted the brakeman, at the end of the car, as the train wound around a curve in the Alleghaney mountains and steamed up through the busy little city, nestled like a gem at the foot of Peak's Knob.

Climbing down from the steps of the train, I paused a moment before crossing the track to board the waiting Cripple Creek, and glanced in the distance at the purple rhododendron-covered sides of Peak's Knob.

Oh! what joy it was to me after living for nine months in the comparatively level plains of Prince Edward to once again find myself in the midst of mountains which seemed to me more towering and beautiful than even the Alps. I was so engrossed in this wonderful scene that before I knew it the train was pulling onward and I had only time to mount the rear platform. But what of that? The rear platform was where I wanted to be. For I could see the sunset and dusk settle down on the peaceful farm-houses that we passed. After it was so dark that I could see no more I was still content to stay there and hear the cry of the whip-poor-wills and the lull of the muddy waters of New River as they lapped against the banks.

But at last the little brown-painted station-house of Delton was reached and the thoughts of it so excited me that I almost fell headlong down the steps over a portly conductor who became very angry and mumbled a few words about politeness. Undaunted by this, I heartily greeted the old driver and mounted the farm shay for a three-mile ride to the place I had been looking forward to going for the last nine months.

When the drive was over and the lights and voices of the farmhouse beamed out upon me—well, words fail me—I can only say it was home!

—L. C. H.

A SKETCH

It was late in the afternoon of a May day when I sat in my window and observed the various changes of the calm and tranquil hour of the dying day. The sun was dropping slowly into a bank of filmy clouds, and a blush of crimson hue seemed cast over the world. How beautiful was the mild twilight! Soon dusk settled into darkness. The swiftly flying clouds and the cry of the whip-poor-will heralded the coming of a wonderful night. The stars like wee forget-me-nots peeped down at the earth from above. After a while the east began to kindle, and presently the full moon with all of its brightness and splendor rose and touched the tall, stately pine trees with its soft mellow light, and bathed the earth in its beams. The night wind stirred, and its breath was laden with the scent of dogwood, and every flower that was in bloom. The birds struck the notes of their thrilling songs, and the tops of the oaks and cottonwood were softly sighing at the touch of the night breeze. It was May, and the earth was in tune.

Jesse P. Dugger.

A DRAMATIC MOMENT

Time: A lovely spring day (far too good to waste in a stupid class room).

Place: A dull, uninteresting class room with floor three feet below the level of the court-yard outside.

Girl: Just a wide-awake member of a bored class of seniors in a time-worn institution of learning.

Other Characters: The above-mentioned class of seniors, and a conscientious professor who conducted his classes mainly in monologue fashion. The monologue on psychology, biology, zoology and education in general, was waxing too deep for ordinary brains, and unconcealed yawns were in evidence.

A light tap was heard on the door and forty seniors sat up and took notice.

Sr. No. 1—Anything for a change!

Sr. No. 2—Lawsy, yes, I should say!

Voice at the door—Professor, may I speak to you a moment?

Professor (stepping into the hall)—Certainly, Miss M—

Sr. No. 1 (in a loud whisper)—Wouldn't it be fun to jump out of that window while he is gone?

Sr. No. 2 (suiting the action to the words)—So funny that I'm going to try it. Come on!

Sr. No. 1—But that window sill is so high! and he may come back any minute.

Sr. No. 2—Never mind that. (*And she stealthily slid past five girls and bounded silently to the window.*)

A hush fell over the room as with bated breath forty spectators awaited the outcome. Suppose the professor should re-enter the room at this juncture. What would be the consequence for the truant? With one leap, she landed on the sill and stepped to the ground, amid wild bursts of laughter from the other girls, each of whom wished herself in "Crook's" place.

The professor returning from the interview at the door was just too late to see a pair of time-worn tan shoes hastily disappearing up the steps. *M. J. B.*

AT A S. N. S. DINNER TABLE

(From the time the dinner bell rings until grace is asked.)

Scene is laid in the Normal School Dining Room.

Characters: Edith, Ruth, Susie, Mary, Harriet, Lucy, Ada, Frances, Dr. Jarman.

Edith—Goodness! the pitcher of water is at my side again today and I have poured the water for the last week. I am going to move it over on Susie's side before she comes in.

Ada—Just look at this dinner. I knew when we had the picnic Easter we would just about starve until June, to make up for what we had then.

Mary—I thought so too. Look coming in the door! Someone is bringing her father into dinner.

Frances—I wish my father were down here. I would give anything to see him.

Ruth—I had a letter from father yesterday, and he said

he was coming down to commencement and bring mother with him. I want all of you girls to meet them.

Lucy—Look at Lottie coming in the door. Isn't that dress she has on swell looking. When I get home I am going to have one just like it.

Frances—Mother sent me a new white dress the other day and it is perfectly beautiful. I want you all to come up to my room and see it after dinner.

Edith—Won't you please lend it to me some time to wear down to the parlor when John comes to see me? I think he is coming Friday night.

Frances—You are perfectly welcome to wear it if it will fit you.

Edith—Oh, thank you! I am coming right up there to see if it will fit me.

Harriet (coming in at that minute)—Did you see that car-load of Hampden-Sidney boys come in a while ago. Gee! some of them were good looking.

Frances—There is going to be a dance tonight and I bet that is why so many boys are in town.

Ruth—Edna told me she was going tonight. I am going to stay at the rotunda and see who she goes with.

Mary—Stop eating that pickle, Susie. Don't you know it will give you indigestion to eat it before grace is asked.

Susie—No, it won't for I have tried it before.

Harriet—There comes Dr. Jarman. I wonder what is going to happen.

Mary—He would not come in here unless he were going to make an announcement. I bet it is about that Grand Opera that is coming here tonight.

Dr. Jarman—On account of the good marching out of chapel today I have decided to give you a half holiday. There will be no lessons this afternoon. (*Excited applause as Dr. Jarman leaves, holding his ears to shut out the noise.*)

—*Blanche Ellett.*



We are going to discuss editorials in our exchanges for this month. The students as a whole do not take much interest in this department, and we cannot blame them when we consider some of the subjects that are written about. This is not true of the majority of the editorials, however. Most of them are about things that concern us all, besides being well expressed. Let us all read them and thus inspire the editors to do even better work!

All of the students whose schools were represented at the Kansas City Y. W. C. A. Convention must have heard of John R. Mott. If we have not heard of him before we should be interested in hearing now about the man whom our President says is "the greatest man alive today." In the April number of the *Southwestern University Magazine* there is an editorial on the "Call to Service" that takes him as an example of one who answers the call.

It also refers us to an article in *Harper's Weekly* for March 21, which the editor considers "illuminating" and which is indeed well worth reading. If we took a little of the time most of us spend in reading about fictitious characters and used it in reading about real, live people who are worth knowing we would probably find it more profitable and inspiring.

But we must return to our editorial. The editor points out to us that, though all of us can not become leaders like the great man of whom we have been speaking, we can at least all serve in some way, according to our ability. "In unselfish service," he says, "we bring happiness to our lives, and it is our one great eternal possession." That is indeed a beautiful way of obtaining that great gift we all desire.

The other editorial in this magazine tells of the trouble caused by thoughtlessness and inconsideration in the use of library books, magazines, and newspapers. If we realized the trouble we give the librarians and our fellow students by carelessly misplacing a book we would surely be more thoughtful about this matter.

The editorial in the *Missile* of last month is just the kind we like to see. It deals with topics of vital interest to your student body and gives us a real glimpse of the school. We hope that your earnest appeal for a new high school will be granted for a fine building is always inspiring. A school house built in 1837 couldn't possibly have all the modern conveniences necessary in 1914. Most of our cities are proud to point out their high schools as evidences of progress so you don't want to be ashamed of yours.

We are glad to know you have the honor system in your school. This indicates a great stride forward in the development of school life as a whole. High enough praise cannot be given to its value; and we agree with your editor in what he has said about this system.

We wish to welcome the *Columns* into our new exchanges. Your paper is too short for such a large school but of course we must take into consideration that it is very young as yet and will have plenty of time to grow. The editorial shows that your students are very busy people so we feel confident that this growth will come.

Original stories would add much to your magazine and would make it of more interest to outsiders.

The *Chronicle* evidently has a different ideal of what

an editorial should be from ours. We think it should voice the opinion of the whole school in regard to certain topics of interest in school; but you seem to think this the proper department in which to put essays on telegraph and telephone lines and the preservation of forests in your state. These are interesting subjects but this really isn't the right place for them.

The theme of the first part of the editorial is well chosen and should be of interest to all. It tells briefly of the Southern College Press Association and extends invitations for all to become members. It would be so much better if you would tell us more of what is going on in your school and we could then feel in really close touch with you.

THE FOCUS

VOL. IV

FARMVILLE, VA., MAY, 1914

NO. 4

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1912.

J. L. Bugg, Notary Public.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Farmville, Virginia.

Editorial

In a recent Y. W. C. A. meeting it was stated that a school-girl had three great debts—the debt to her parents, the debt to her school, and the debt to the world. But there is still another and greater debt—the debt to herself. And in thinking of this it seems to be the most important of all, for in fulfilling the debt to herself all the others may be included in and made one with this greatest debt.

Our attention has been called particularly to one phase of this debt to herself—the burying of a possible literary talent and never bringing it to light. Perhaps some of us have tried once and failed, or possibly twice and failed, to bring this talent into use, but it is only through many trials and a great deal of determination that success is reached and the talent discovered. *The Focus* calls for these attempts of ours—it needs them, and we owe it to our magazine to bring out whatever is in us that will help it to grow and become more representative of our whole school. There are some who have responded willingly and readily to this call; there are some who write because they are compelled to do so by the English teachers,

spurred on to do their best, however, by the hope of their story or essay or poem going in *The Focus*; and there are some who don't write at all. It is these of us who have buried our talents and have not fulfilled the debt to ourselves. But we wish to thank those who have seen their opportunities and made use of them, and in doing so have not only helped our magazine, but also increased their own abilities. Is this not worth the attempt? Even if the first is a failure, and the second is a failure, the third may be a success. After all, the old saying, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," may prove a very good motto.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Everyone, whether he knows it or not, has a dramatic instinct. It is an instinct that is inborn in every human being, but in some it has become more pronounced because of the better development. In some people this tendency has been suppressed, or probably never developed, but the instinct is there nevertheless. We may see the truth of this if we will only give it a little thought. In the calm, regular, everyday routine one may not recognize this dramatic tendency, because it is suppressed and checked by our will-power, but at times of great excitement, grief or great joy can be very easily seen, as one has not such great control over one's instincts at these times. We must express these deeper feelings in a dramatic way. As we know, for every impression there must be expression, and it is instinctive for us to make this expression dramatic.

Great students of human nature have recognized this great, common tendency and have written plays, and in dramatizing them the actors put into them that real expression that in everyday life is subdued and suppressed. A play, to be appreciated, has to be acted, not read. It is in the acting that the real feeling is brought out. We can study Shakespeare's plays but we cannot get out of them all that he put in until we have seen them played. Many play writers will not allow their plays to be published, because they realize that their full force can only be felt through the action.

Our school, and every school that has seen the importance of this dramatic tendency, has organized a Dramatic Club. It has for its purpose the broadening of the outlook on life and the interpretation of the deeper emotions through action to the masses. A dramatic club, to fulfill its highest purpose, should give only the best plays, because, though we may not realize it, they have a tremendous influence on the people and it is unnecessary to say that this influence should be for the best. Our Dramatic Club has kept up to its high standard this year and has presented two good plays, and in them they showed that they had realized the importance of giving only the best. They were very successful in this, judging from public opinion, and we are very proud of the work they have done, and we hope that they will continue to be as successful as they have been in the past.

PROMPTNESS

Promptness is a lesson which nearly every girl here yet has to learn. We are late for breakfast, late for chapel, late for classes, late for dinner and supper, late for Literary Society, and other meetings, and late for every play or entertainment that is held in the auditorium. It seems a natural tendency for every girl to say, "Oh, we don't have to go yet. No one is there and we'll just have to wait," regardless of the fact that others are already there waiting. For there are a few girls who do make an effort to be prompt and always are. It makes no difference what we are going to, whether it is breakfast, chapel, society meeting or an entertainment it is only justice to those who are on time for us also to be on time. It is not right to keep others waiting.

We straggle along to breakfast, one or two at a time, and out of kindness the doors are kept open a few more minutes for us who are so nearly there. We know this and just take our own time as long as there is someone else on the halls. We would think it *awful* if the door were closed when we are in sight, but if it were closed exactly on time regardless of the girls who are in sight, those girls

would be more than apt to be there promptly next time. If the chapel doors were closed at the end of the time allowed us to get there, and if all those girls who were shut out were to receive "notes," I guarantee they would be "on time" after that. Tardiness in class is not so prevalent because we are required to give in a good excuse every time we are late and that makes us more careful. If the Literary Society meetings were begun at the appointed time and then the constitution enforced and the members fined for being late they would surely endeavor to be more prompt afterwards. If plays and other entertainments were to begin at the appointed time, regardless of the fact that there are only a few present those who missed part of it would see that they missed none the next time. Girls say the reason they never go to the auditorium at the appointed time is because they know the play or whatever it may be, will not begin promptly and they will have to wait down there so long. Those in charge of the play, etc., give as their reason for not beginning promptly the fact that comparatively no one is there on time and they must wait for the crowd. Now which is right? Both. For, if the play were begun promptly, the girls would go promptly; and if the girls were to go promptly, the play would begin promptly. Both are to blame.

It may happen sometimes that something is not in place for the play and those in charge are compelled to wait a little longer. But in the majority of cases this is due to impromptness and negligence; for everything is put off till the last minute and then it is difficult to think of all the things needed. But if it is impossible to get things in place before a certain hour, those in charge should take this into consideration and appoint such an hour as will give them ample time to get everything ready.

Since promptness is such a desirable characteristic; since we are so prone to "put off;" and since force is about the only thing that will make us prompt, we should be glad and consider it a kindness to be dealt with more strictly and forcefully.

##	Here and There	##
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On Wednesday night, April 29, the Juniors entertained a large and appreciative audience with the famous "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works." The spectators were kept in a roar of merriment from the time "The Siamese Twins" were brought forth with their locks streaming to the breeze, to the final parade of the "favorite dolls." Many famous characters, historical, mythological and fictional, were ably presented, such as "The Boy who Stood on the Burning Deck," "Madame Melba," "Father Time," "Joan of Arc," "Nero," "John Alden and Priscilla," and others, whom Mrs. Jarley introduced with charming and enlightening speeches. In spite of the difficulties attending on the operation of wax-works who won't stay wound up, Mrs. Jarley gave a very impressive and instructive entertainment, and no one who saw her famous wax-works will hesitate to commend her as an unusual lecturer, or to thank the Junior class and all who aided them for the amusement they furnished on that memorable night. The profits will go to the Normal League.

An interesting and varied program was given in the auditorium, on Friday, May 8, under the auspices of the Prince Edward Chapter of the Normal League. The program, which was arranged by Miss Frances Allan, consisted of solos, with flute and violin obligatos, character songs, dramatic readings, and duets.

On Saturday night, May 9, the Hampden-Sidney Dramatic, Glee and Mandolin Clubs gave a minstrel in the auditorium. It was well attended and everyone enjoyed it thoroughly.

The Dramatic Club starred again on Friday night,

April 25, in presenting "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith. Laughter swayed the audience through the entire performance, and it is Miss Wheeler, as well as the members of the club, that we have to thank for the pleasant evening.

The following officers were elected for the Annual for 1914-1915: Beulah Scott, Editor-in-Chief; Emma Jesser, Business Manager; Mary A. Bell, Art Editor.

The Junior Class elected the following girls to serve on the Senior Committee of the Student Government next year: Sallie Johnson, Louise Harvey, Mary Rumbough, Sallie Perkins, Martha Lee, Gertrude Welker, Nancy Ritsch, Christine Mackan.

BALLAD CLUB

Two versions of "Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight" (Child, No. 4) have been reported to the Ballad Club. The first is entitled "Pretty Gold Lee," and was printed in fragmentary form last month. It was secured by Miss May Blankenship, of Campbell County, from the singing of her cousin. The second is a fragmentary version, remembered by Miss Mary E. Peck, of Farmville, from the singing of her father when she was a child. It is entitled, "The Six King's Daughters," or "The Seventh King's Daughter," or "Pretty Polly."

PRETTY GOLD LEE

"Go bring me some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's fee,
And two of the prettiest nags in the stall,
Wherein stands thirty and three, three, three,
Wherein stands thirty and three."

He mounted upon his milk-white horse,
And she the dapple gray,
And they safely arrived at the salt sea side,
And 'twas three hours till day, day, day,
And 'twas three hours till day.

"Light off, light off with the dapple gray,
And deliver it unto me;
For six king's daughters have I drowned here,
And now the seventh shall be thee, thee, thee,
And now the seventh shall be thee."

He turned his back and looked around,
The green leaves for to see,
She picked him up in her arms so strong,
And threw him in the sand salt sea, sea, sea,
And threw him in the sand salt sea.

"Reach forth, reach forth your lily white hand,
And help me from the sea,
And I'll take you away to some foreign land,
And there I'll marry thee, thee, thee,
And there I'll marry thee."

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted man,
Lie there instead of me,
For six pretty ladies you drowned here,
And the seventh shall now drown thee, thee, thee,
And the seventh shall now drown thee."

She mounted upon the milk white horse,
Leading the dapple gray.
She safely arrived at her father's house,
And 'twas two hours till day, day, day,
And 'twas two hours till day.

And there bespoke the pretty parrot,
Where in his cage he stay,
"Where have you been, my pretty Gold Lee,"
And 'twas one hour till day, day, day,
And 'twas one hour till day.

"Oh hush, oh hush, my pretty parrot,
And don't tell tales on me.
Your cage shall be made of yellow gold,
And the doors of ivory, ry, ry,
And the doors of ivory."

And then bespoke the king so high,
Where in his chamber he lay,
"Oh, what is the matter with my pretty parrot
So long before 'tis day, day, day,
So long before 'tis day."

"The cat is coming to my cage
To carry me away.
And I am calling my pretty Gold Lee,
To drive the cat away, way, way,
Go drive the cat away."

THE SIX KING'S DAUGHTERS

("Or the Seventh King's Daughter" or "Pretty Polly.")

"Go gather up your mother's gold,
Likewise your father's fee,
For I have drowned six king's daughters
And you the seventh shall be, shall be,
And you the seventh shall be."

He mounted on his iron gray,
And she the dappled bay,
And off they rode to the broad seaside,
Three hours before 'twas day, day, day,
Three hours before 'twas day.

"Go turn your back to the salt water sea,
Your face to the limbs of the tree;
She picked him up so manfully
And plunged him into the sea, sea, sea,
And plunged him into the sea.

"Lie there, lie there, you false-hearted wretch,
Lie there instead of me,
For it never was intended for me
To float upon the salt-water sea, sea, sea,
To float on the salt-water sea."

She mounted upon the iron gray,
And led the dappled bay,
And away she went to her own home again,
One hour before 'twas day, day, day,
One hour before 'twas day.

"Polly, Polly, my pretty Polly,
Pray tell no tales on me,
Your cage shall be made of the finest beaten gold,
And hung upon the weeping willow tree, tree, tree,
And hung on the weeping willow tree."

A new variant of "Lord Lovell" (Child No. 75) comes from Nottoway County. Miss Ellie Hammock received it from her sister, Miss Ocieneal Hammock, who took it down from the singing of a Mrs. Dickson.

"Where are you going, Lord Lovell," she said,
"Where are you going?" said she.
"I'm going to leave old England,
Strange countries for to see, see, see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovell," she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year and a half or two or three,
Then, love, I'll return to thee, thee, thee,
Then, love, I'll return to thee."

Lord Lovell had not been gone more than a year,
Strange countries for to see,
When an angry thought came in his mind,
Lady Annie he must go and see, see, see,
Lady Annie he must go and see.

He rode and he rode on his milk-white steed,
Till he came to London town,
And there he heard St. Rebecca Church bells,
And the people all gathered around, 'round, 'round,
And the people all gathered around.

"Who is dead, who is dead?" Lord Lovell said,
"Who is dead, who's dead?" said he.
"The king's daughter, Lady Annie, the Bell,
Some call her Lady Nancy, Nancy, Nancy,
Some call her Lady Nancy."

He ordered the grave to be opened wide,
The shroud to be drawn down,
And there he kissed her clay-cold lips,
Till the tears came trinkling down, down, down,
Till the tears came trinkling down.

Lady Annie, she died as it might be today,
Lord Lovell he died on tomorrow,
And one of them died of pure true love,
And the other one died of sorrow, sorrow, sorrow,
And the other one died of sorrow.

Lady Annie was buried in St. Rebecca's Church yard,
Lord Lovell was buried in the choir,
And out of her grave grew a pretty red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar, briar, briar,
And out of her lover's a briar.

They grew and they grew to the church steeple top,
And could not grow any higher,
And they twinkled and twined in a true lover's knot,
For all young lovers to admire, admire, admire,
For all young lovers to admire.

##	Hit or Miss	##
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AN INVOCATION

Josephine Ways

O muse that guided Wordsworth's pen,
 Assist this pen of mine:
 I am compelled to write a pome,
 And can not write a line.

Sir Grainger says that poetry's good,
 And poetry we must write,
 E'en though it drives us wild by day,
 And robs our sleep by night.

A drama floors me at the start;
 I can not write a song;
 I dare not try a narrative
 For fear 'twould be too long.

O muse that guided Wordsworth's pen,
 Assist my pen this once;
 I am compelled to write a pome,
 And can not make a rhyme.

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Frank—Oh, I can't study when Reading doesn't come
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 transitive and intransitive verbs to her pupils)—Frank,
 what kind of verb is this in this sentence, "The boy flies
 the kite?"

Frank—Adverb.

V-r-g-n-a B-r-n-tt—What is Billy Sunday?

K-y-l- T-h-m-s—He is either a man or a soda-water,
 I don't know which.

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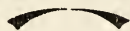
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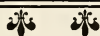
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